THE DISEASES OF BATH.

A SATIRE,

Unadorn'd with a Frontiſpiece.

Circumſilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus, quorum ſi nomina quæras,
Quot Themiſon *ægros autumno occiderit uno*
Percurram citiùs.

Juvenal Sat. X.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.*
M. DCC. XXXVII.

THE

DISEASES

OF

BATH.

A

SATIRE.

Undeform'd with a Frontispiece.

Morbosum omne genus, quorum Je nemina dirorum,
Quos Thermidon agros nutrimio cerebri sui
Peperum cibis.

Juvenal Sat. X.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane.
M.DCC.XXXVII.

THE Diſeaſes of BATH. A SATIRE.

MY friend! I've heard you often plight your faith,
"That few ſick-folks go mended from the *Bath*."
And now I ceaſe to wonder at the thing.
Why! — the town has ten plagues for ev'ry ſpring.
Yet what their various names — let no one ask:
For, troth, to count them were an endleſs task.
Firſt reckon to me, from the weekly bills
The Numbers *Ward* has cur'd of all their ills:
That done — I'll not deſpair (at leaſt) to gueſs
The many miſchiefs which the *Bath* diſtreſs.
The ſmall-pox lurking here in ambuſcade,
Treach'rouſly mantled, not to hinder trade;
Yet waving round by ſtealth her baleful hand,
Buſy at dealing ſlaughter underhand:
An epidemic cold that ſpreads about
The ſcarlet Raſh, or Quinzeys in the throat:
Shivers in lazy Agues thro' the blood,
Or raging on inflames the ſanguine Flood;

Stag-

Stagnates life's riv'lets in their purple urns;
Chokes in Catarrhs, or fiercely frantick burns:
Gath'ring aſſaults the aching brain with fumes,
Or dank deſcends in deluges of rheums: —
Such ſlight contagions I not mean to name;
But paſs them, mindleſs, as by chance they came:
Theſe, not the fix'd diſeaſes of the place,
The ſprings, which cou'd not ward, perhaps, may chaſe.
Much greater plagues than theſe infect *Bath-town*;
Ills all incurable, as all its own.
The firſt, mayhap, the leaſt: a ſhallow Stream
(Whoſe oozy floods exhale a ſickly ſteam)
Winds ſluggiſh round with its deſponding tides,
And in unwholeſome fogs the city hides.
Next — circling Hills, thro' whoſe wide-yawning Chaſms,
Rough, jarring Winds belch down rheumatick Spaſms.
Without the walls a marſhy Mead: — within
Houſes but ill ſupplied; and Streets ne'er clean.
A trifling Mayor; a ſquabbling Corporation;
A ſharking People, ſcum of all the Nation.
Five Churches ill repair'd, cold, damp, obſcene;
And Bells that ſtun ye with their endleſs din.
Five wrangling Parſons venerably dull,
To atheiſm or lethargick quiet lull,
With ſoothing tenets from the pulpit thrown,
Their Auditory's conſcience and their own.
My muſe! ſay next what evils follow *theſe*?
Bath has one Surgeon — he's the next diſeaſe.
Tho' (by the by) my Friend, I'd have you know;
'Tis his Profeſſion only makes him ſo.
Pierce is humane, and, tho' a ſurgeon bred,
Is much too honeſt to enhance his trade:
Deals but againſt his grain in blood and ſteel;
And can the pain, he gives his patients, feel.

Not

Not of that baſe, amphibious Fry of Men,
Whoſe bare Approach wou'd make a Wound gangrene.
Proof againſt gold; friend to his ſpecies; — He
Hates Miſchief's hand, tho' It preſent a fee.
Oh! wou'd that canibal, man-mangling Brood
Learn from thee, *Pierce*, not to delight in blood!
Wou'd they ſome quarter to a Patient give:
Hack the Dupe's fortune; but his Limbs reprieve!
Or, if their Rage unglutted with his Store
Muſt needs be fed on Fleſh and drench'd with Gore;
Wou'd they at once his Cheſts and Life invade,
And, leſs inhuman, ſhoot him thro' the Head;
The Muſe wou'd not diſdain the Surgeon's praiſe,
But ſing their Fury quell'd in grateful Lays.
But lo a long Proceſſion nigh —— make room:
Five bred Phyſicians! bred to fix our doom.
Sad Evils theſe for one poor Town to bear:
Five Plagues than *Egypt*'s ſeven far more ſevere.
Say, florid *Florifer*, if you can tell:
How many Patients you've diſpatch'd to Hell?
Say *Harrington* of not inferior skill!
How many Church-yards thy Preſcriptions fill?
Procus has laid his thouſands on the Floor;
And modeſt *Boſtick* his ten thouſands more.
Big bluſt'ring *Cheyné*, not the laſt in fame,
Tho' the Muſe lead up in the rear his Name,
Has ſent ſuch Colonies to *Pluto*'s land;
The God was forc'd to beg he'd ſtop his hand.
So far, however, I've but barely gueſs'd:
If true, 'tis Prophecy; if not, a Jeſt.
Tho' ſurely I ſhould think —— and ſo wou'd you——
There muſt be truth in't, if the Proverb's true.
And we've both heard it ſolemnly propos'd: ——
"They're the beſt Doctors who've deſtroy'd the Moſt."

Which ſtands (methinks) to reaſon to be ſo:
"Who've done much harm, have much the leſs to do."
Doctors who've kill'd but Few may do more ill
Than they who've left but Few behind to kill.
Now while All ſhare ſome fatal Legacy
From that *Pandora*'s Box —— the Faculty;
This Comfort ſtill remains amidſt our care:
Much the beſt Five are fall'n to our ſhare.

What Ills averted by his Care and Art;
What ſtrange Diſtempers cur'd, reliev'd what Smart:
How many reſcued from the Gates of Hell!
Tho' hiſs'd half in by Parſon, Clerk, and Bell!
Let ſuch of *Procus* tell who *Procus* know;
Stranger to me, to you I leave him ſo.
I've heard him prais'd, ſo hope the Praiſe his Due,
For unjuſt Praiſe is but the Guilt of Few.
Not ſo falſe *Cenſure* —— lawleſs it intrudes ——
The Scourge of Many; Crime of Multitudes:
A foul-mouth'd Monſter, whoſe envenom'd Cries
Intoxicate the giddy World with Lies:
Infect the Villain, but affect the Juſt;
The Wiſe-man's Dread, the knaviſh Idiot's Luſt:
A Foe irreconcileable to Fame;
Fed on harſh Diſcord, Envy, Spleen, and Shame:
The Soul of Mobs, the Breath of ev'ry Slave;
Pointed alone at th' Honeſt, Wiſe, and Brave:
Like the vile Waſp well known to perſecute
The faireſt Flow'rs, the ripe and ſoundeſt Fruit.

This *Cheyne* knows, who (ſpite of all his ſkill)
Is ſaid for One he cures a Score to kill:
Alike ill-treated by his Friends and Foes; ——
Belied by theſe, miſunderſtood by Thoſe.
In vain he toils to teach unruly Man
T'enjoy firm health thro' life's determin'd Span!

And

And ſhew them how to guard themſelves from Ills,
By wholeſome Exerciſe and ſober Meals:
His ſenſeleſs Patients but miſconſtrue him,
To ſtave their health on th' oppoſite Extreme.
If he forbids to cram, they'll not ev'n chew:
If he ſays "Walk a Mile" they ſcamper Two.
Theſe exerciſe themſelves quite off their breath;
And They, forſooth, will ſtarve themſelves to death.
Thus Senſe and Learning may prove fatal Tools;
When truſted to the management of Fools.
But where lies *Cheyne*'s Blame? — ſay waſpiſh Elves.
Who kills ſuch Dupes? — The Sage, or They themſelves?

Oh *Florifer*, of Tye-wigs juſtly vain, *
And a reſiſtleſs golden-headed Cane,
Pert Eye, a wanton Leer, a waggiſh Face,
Chas'd Watch, Ring, Ruffles, and a load of Lace!
To chaunt your Praiſe, in Tinſel dreſs my Muſe;
And make theſe Numbers, like their Subject, ſpruce.
Like you inſpir'd by Eſſence then I'll ſing
Till each fair Prattler's Ear with Sonnets ring:
Till their ſoft warbling Throats ſhall catch the Sound,
And back in tingling Ecchoes your Applauſe rebound.
Your Praiſe what Female can refuſe, who knows
Your Pow'r and Will, to eaſe her latent Woes?
Who, if you kill, much more inclin'd to ſave;
Warm ten Aſſemblies e'er you warm one Grave.
But chief of all let fav'rite *Partlet* ſay:
(She whom you doctor many times a Day) †
What have you not eſſay'd to eaſe her Pains?
Witneſs the Worms which ſhe in Nants retains:
The Produce of her Bowels and her Skull,
Pregnant with Maggots always, always full.

* —— See *Pope*'s Rape of the Lock, Canto I. Imit. from *Dryden*.

Here too *Kilmurrey* may, with truth, confeſs;
She fee'd at *Bath* her *Boſtick* with ſucceſs:
—— The fair *Kilmurrey* whoſe death-raviſh'd Charms,
Sinking half-rifled in the Tyrant's Arms,
The Doctor by main Pow'r of Art reſtor'd
To her lov'd Husband, to her am'rous Lord.
When other Graduates gave her up to death,
His Skill arreſted the departing Breath;
Summon'd back Life, diſpell'd the ſickly Storm;
And from th' Eclipſe call'd forth her Angel-form
To ſhine again in Beauty's ſplendid Sphere,
England's fair Boaſt, her ſex's brighteſt Star.
Who then like *Boſtick* can avert our Ills,
Who ſaves more Lives? who deals out fewer Pills?
Is there like him who can our Pains relieve;
Cure one Diſeaſe and not another give?
Yes, you (my *Harrington!*) can do as much,
Who almoſt cure, if you our Pulſe but touch:
No leſs experienc'd in the Art to ſave
Than your once lov'd, now much lamented, *Bave*,
Lamented, yes;—but miſt by us no more,
Since you find means his Vertues to reſtore;
Heir to his Subſtance, Merit, Skill, and Senſe;
As Partner once in his Experience:
Like him well-bred, good-natur'd, modeſt, free;
Cautious, like him, without timidity;
Slow to preſcribe, yet ready to attend;
Not more your Patient's Doctor than his Friend.
Such *Bave* was once;—ſuch *Harrington* we find,
A gen'rous, ſelf-leſs Lover of Mankind.
Hence judge, my Friend, tho' Doctors are a Peſt:
Of all ſuch Plagues our ſhare at *Bath* is beſt.
Nineteen Apothecaries! who'd believe,
In nineteen Cities ſhou'd one Life reprieve?

Yet queſtion not what we can prove at *Bath*:
Life they will ſpare, where they can ſharpen death.
Of ſtern *Stercorio* view the bloated Mien
Where ev'ry Poiſon of his Shop is ſeen.
His raging Cauſticks flame upon his Noſe;
With drowſy Poppies loaded are his Brows;
His Cheeks puff'd up with Ars'nick, Gaul, and Sloth;
His rabbid Jaws bedew'd with Viper's Froth;
His Features plaſter'd o'er with leprous Scales:
His Bob in ringlets curl'd like Serpents Tails.
A broad-brim'd Hat, in ſlouching Order ſpread,
Defends the formal Changling's empty Head:
Two Cravat-twiſtings from his Neck depend,
With Snuff, and Drugs, and Dirt, and Drivel ſtain'd.
His Shop a nauſeous, litter'd Magazine
Of all that is unwholſome and unclean.
From the low Roof on hempen Lines are hung
Dried Inſects, Bladders, and ſtale Simples ſtrung.
Here Cobwebs dangle from a Crocodile;
There Spiders ſpin from the Preſcription-file:
Above on duſty Shelves in leſs'ning Rows,
Stand empty Gally-pots for idle Shews:
Beneath—in ranks, gilt-letter'd Draw'rs are ſeen,
Titled from damag'd Drugs contain'd within:
In this Glaſs-Caſe a Skeleton is ſtow'd;
And in that Box lies a diſſected Toad.
Behind his Counter, lo! the Sloven ſits,
Mixing a Cordial for *Sherbetta*'s Fits.
Round him in foul Confuſion ſcatter'd lie
Spread Plaiſters, Salves, and Med'cines, wet and dry:
Phials of Waters — Surfeit, Plague, and Mint;
A Mortar; and already pounded in't
Pearl-powder calcin'd from an Oyſter-ſhell,
Spirits t' infuſe, and Whimſies to diſpell:

A Tincture here to ſave *Mercurio*'s Noſe;
There *Coloquintida*, *Virginia*'s Doſe:
On this ſide liquid Laudanum appears
To lull *Podagro*'s gouty Pains, and Cares;
On that Chalybeat for *Acidia*'s Caſe,
To drive her Pallor downward from her Face.
With unwaſh'd Hands each Medicine he deals out
Pills for within, or Ointments for without:
Patients alike and Preparations blends;
Careleſs to whom, or what: — ſo he but ſends.
Podagro's Laudanum *Sherbetta* ſips:
And undiſturb'd by Fits for ever ſleeps.
By like miſtake the Cordial Draught miſplac'd
Virginia drinks, and ſwells about the Waſte:
Acidia's Potion ſent, *Mercurio* takes,
And curſes Steel, Luſt, Women, and Miſtakes.
Virginia's Doſe the weak *Acidia* drinks;
And to its violence unequal, ſinks:
Mercurio's Tincture, in large counted Drops,
Podagro takes, to ſooth his Gout and Hopes;
But vain ſuch Hopes, ſuch Evils to appeaſe:
The Draught but ſerves to double his Diſeaſe.
Theſe but th' Apothecary's ſmall Miſtakes:
Others of a more fatal kind he makes.
What Spaſms can equal thoſe a Patient bears,
When he to act the Doctor boldly dares!
Laborio with keen Care conſumptive grown,
Lingers, and wants Advice from *Harrington*.
Alas *Laborio* has no Fee to give;
Nor knows — the Doctor gratis will relieve;
And that with what he from the Wealthy culls
He fees the Poor, to let him feel their Pulſe.
Hence tir'd with Spaſm, with Poverty diſmay'd,
He calls th' Apothecary to his aid:

And with mix'd Poiſons, from the *Hydra's* Shop,
Enrages Miſery to flatter Hope.

The gaſping Patient gives his Pulſe to feel:
The Wizard graſps it with his Hand of Steel:
But frighted Life ſtarts back, at his approach;
And flies the Wriſt, to ſhun his baleful Touch.
While ebbing Nature, impotent and low,
Forbids the Blood along the Veins to flow.
Stercorio, true Apothecary, ſtill
Can feel thoſe Veins with raging Fever thrill:
So homeward ſteers the deadly File to ſearch,
Where feather'd Miſchief's num'rous Neſtlings perch:
Pilf'ring, from ev'ry One, ſome woeful Bane;
To feed his Av'rice, and his Patient's Pain.

"*Laborio's* fev'riſh —— ſo Sir *William* was
(Thus to himſelf the prying Driv'ler ſays)
"When *Procus* order'd him this cleanſing Draught:
"But! then Sir *Will* was p—x'd: —— It matters not.
"The ſame Ingredients, with ſome change, may do:
"What's good for One muſt needs be good for Two.
"This *Gum* —— that *Powder* —— *ana* Scruples ſix
"Sage *Florifer* directed me to mix, ——
"To thin her Blood, when *Partlet* laſt lay ſick:
"And mayn't *Laborio's* poſſibly be thick?
"Tho if his Blood be thin, and Spirits low;
"'Twere better ſtill, for this will keep 'em ſo."

This ſaid, then mutt'ring out a Pray'r to Chance,
With Boldneſs equal to his Ignorance,
He plies the Man with all his Train of Ills:
Pills ſucceed Powders, Potions follow Pills,
Till the ſpent Patient no more Woes can gall;
But his Aſſaſſin's Bill —— the worſt of all:
Which to diſcount, he bargains to withdraw;
And leave th' Apothecary Heir at Law.

Such

Such are the Miſchiefs by *Stercorio* done:
Yet ah my Friend! *Stercorio* is but One,
And he a very Treaſure if compar'd
To all the reſt of that deſtructive Herd.
A patent Proof of what we all muſt own
That greater Evils make the leſs ſeem none.
Hell were not ſuch, were there a heavier Curſe;
And he's an *Æſculapius*, where we've worſe.
Twice Nine we have in Town — all worſe than he:
Then judge how rife our Plagues at *Bath* muſt be.

Dread as they are, yet wou'd they ended here!
With chearful Patience we'd our Evils bear.
But greater Peſts we have of ev'ry kind:
Some to moleſt the Body, ſome the Mind.
All which to bear — wou'd ſhake a Martyr's Will;
Yet how t' avoid 'em — paſſes human Skill.
Inſenſibility ſole Goddeſs here:
She only can allwage thoſe Ills we bear.
In her ſtill Sanctuary All muſt bide,
Who wiſh to lull the Spaſms they can't avoid.

Nigh were ſlow *Avon*'s drowſy Naiades ſleep
(While many a Nymph and Swain Love's Vigils keep)
Round a ſmooth, winding Green-ſward; o'er the Flood
Leans a low Fane * — an Edifice of Wood:
Whoſe folding Gates ſelf-op'ning to the Sides
Shew the dull Deity who there preſides.

Th' unmov'd Divinity here ſits enthron'd:
A Wreath of Cowſlip binds her Temples round;
A lifeleſs Smile grins o'er her ſilly Mien;
And her faint Eyes are ſtupidly ſerene:
A leaden Scepter in her Hand ſhe bears,
To ſway her Subjects without Pain or Fears.

* The Banquetting Houſe in *Harriſon's* Garden.

Here

Here Crowds of Vot'ries ready Entrance find,
Sots, Dotards, Idiots, with the Deaf and Blind.
Who almoſt e'er they ask, the Grant obtain,
To dwell within the City free from Pain.
This eaſy Goddeſs lets her Favours flow
On all who are hood-wink'd; or wou'd be ſo:
And to ſuch only will Repoſe diſpenſe
Who own her Pow'r, and court her Impotence.
Who e'er refuſes to admit her Sway
Muſt quit the *Bath*, or ſuffer if he ſtay.
For —— no Place free from Plagues within this Wall:
Her Vot'ries only are exempt from all.
If to the Pump-room in the Morn we go
To drink the Waters and remove ſome Woe;
Idle the Project We too late explore;
And find: to move one Plague, We've dar'd a Score.
What Tumult, Hurry, Noiſe, and Nonſence blend,
T'annoy the Senſes, and the Soul t'offend!
What ſickly, crude, offenſive Vapours there
The Noſtrils ſnuff up with the tainted Air!
Whole Groups of Foppiſh Slovens foully fine
In dirty Shirts, and Tinſel ſtink and ſhine;
Midſt Crowds of Dames, who in their nightly Trim,
Juſt reeking from their Beds, ſtill ſtew and ſteam:
An ill-bred, reſtleſs, wild, and cackling Hoſt,
Noiſy as Goſlings ſpreading from their Rooſt.
Shock'd at the Light and Sound I onward ruſh
To whence th' up-driven Streams, hot ſmoaking guſh:
Forc'd to wade thro' a Mob of unwaſh'd Beaus
At th' ill Expence of Elbows and of Cloaths.
By patient ſqueezing to the Pump I get;
There roughly thruſt next to ſome Clown I wait;
Who, when he'as rudely ſwill'd his Potion up,
Leaves me the ſlobber'd favour of his Cup.

Glad at all rates t'obtain the healing Draught,
I take the Glaſs with all his Drivel fraught:
The Pumper dips it, fills; and I (convinc'd, *
By the foul Finger-prints, the Glaſs is rinc'd)
Attempt to drink: when by my next Fool preſt,
The ſlipping Bicker pours along my Breaſt.
Urg'd by Deſpair I plunge into the Bath.
But! —— here ſtill heavier Plagues incenſe my Wrath.
Nameleſs Diſeaſes join'd pollute the Stream,
And mix their foul Infections with its Steam.
Here long e'er *Luciſer* leads in the Dawn,
Each greaſy Cook has ſeeth'd away his Brawn:
And Sweepers from their Chimnies, ſmear'd with Soot.
Hither have brought, and left behind, their Smut.
Jilts, Porters, Grooms, and Guides, and Chairmen bring
Their ſev'ral Ordures to corrupt the Spring.
Add to theſe Nuſances the 'wild'ring Noiſe
Of ſplaſhing Swimmers, and of dabbling Boys;
Whoſe bold, looſe, ruſtick Geſtures move my Rage,
Which *Celia*'s Preſence ſcarcely can aſſwage.
Here *Lepra* too, and *Scabies* more unclean
Diveſt their Scurf t'inveſt a purer Skin:
Whoſe pealing Scales upon the Surface ſwim,
Till what th' Unwholeſome ſhed the Wholeſome skim.
Nor this the greateſt Grievance in the Flood:
The worſt I ſcarcely wiſh were underſtood:
All (from the Porter to the courtly Nymph)
Pay liquid Tributes to the ſwelling Lymph.
What benefit ſuch Mixtures can impart:
To know —— or ev'n to gueſs —— is paſt my Art.
This I affirm: however great it were;
To ſuch a Cure I'd ev'ry Plague prefer.
Hence mad and poiſon'd, from the Bath I fling
With all the Scales and Dirt that round me cling:

* Imit. ſee *Boileau.*

Then

Then looking back, I curſe that Jakes obſcene;
Whence I come ſullied out who enter'd clean.
Freed from this Sink, my Canvas off I throw:
Meaning to throw off, with it, ev'ry Woe.
But ah! our Cheſt is not ſo quickly out:
Plagues of another Sort attend without.
With its peculiar Peſt each Senſe is curſt:
And hard to ſay —— which Senſe endures the worſt.
Our Cooks fit only for *Lycaon*'s Feaſt,
Combine to vitiate and deceive our Taſte:
Our *Bacchus* a meer Harlequin Buffoon,
Patch'd up in tawdry Colours not his own;
Waits upon *Charlatans* who vend for Wine
Mixtures of ev'ry Juice but of the Vine.
Here Elder-berry's preſt for *Liſbon* Grape;
A *Norway* Rat aſſumes a Rabbit's Shape;
Horſe-fleſh turns Ven'ſon, and a Cat a Hare;
And None, by ſeeing, gueſs their Bill o'fare:
All's an inſipid, foul, unwholeſome Cheat:
Still wideſt from what We imagine it.
What rumbling Clamours in the Welkin claſh
T'exhauſt our Patience, while our ears they laſh!
Beggars in Shoals (whoſe joint Permiſſion-fee
May ſerve for life, to buy the May'reſs Tea)
With counterfeited Mis'ry's grating Din,
Stun us alike without-doors or within:
Dogs, howling Chairmen; and the jarring Yells
Of Lackeys louder yet than th' Abbey-bells:
And laſt of Colliers a rude ſable Breed
(Whoſe Brawls and filthy Garb all Terms exceed)
Deafens the Senſe, the Paſs obſtructs, and makes
Of the whole Town a ſecond *Elean* Jakes. *

* The Stables of *Augeas*, which requir'd the Labour of a *Hercules* to clean.

These Plagues t'avoid I to the Rooms repair
But slife! what harsher Noise molests me there!
E'er I well enter from the creeking Door,
Bursts forth a hollow, whizzing, uncouth Roar
Such as from Hives sometimes we're wont to hear,
When with the sickly Bees Drones interfere.
Yet bold I venture in to trace the Source:
Whence can proceed a Din so loud, so hoarse. ——
When soon a warring Dissonance of Sounds
Twangs on my Ear-drum, and my Brain confounds.
The Cause I find —— but at the lavish Cost
Of a Sensation in the Tumult lost.

Here a dull Troop of aged Auss appears,
Wise only in a length of ill-spent Years;
Who grown, in practis'd Folly, obstinate;
Exert their Priv'ledge dotingly to prate:
Above Improvement, forward still to teach;
Convinc'd: theirs only is the Right of Speech.
There —— chirping Flights of flutt'ring Triflers add,
With Wit's shorn Superfluities half mad:
Hundreds of Dames (who never out of breath,
Wou'd talk an Army, fingled out, to death)
At Sense's Cost, divide their Time and Hearts
Twixt Fashions, Scandal, Toys, Codrille, and Smarts.

Trophia a yellow, wrinkled, stale Coquet;
With Dropsy, Vapours, and grey Hairs beset;
Gawdy as Brides at Church; yet as unclean,
As Wives when only by their Husbands seen;
At Faro flaring in Brocade and Muck,
A sad, sure Omen of our evil Luck,
Fir'd with repeated Potions of *The Same* *
Sniffles black War against the Absent's Fame;

* A certain divine Nectar frequently administer'd to this Lady by the God of Oblivion: 'Tis neither like Rum, Brandy, nor Arrack; but pretty much resembles that semi-celestial Liquor, which we inferior Mortals call Gin. At *Bath* it is proverbically call'd *The Same*, from this Lady's frequent calling for a Cup of *The Same*.

Snarls at the Preſent; elſe with pointleſs Jokes,
Scorn, Indignation, or a Bluſh provokes.
To ſcape this Ear-wig —— our loſt Gold we quit,
And ev'n the Magick Proſpect of recalling it.
Yet! —— here from Miſchief 'tis in vain to run:
We can but change the Woes we wiſh to ſhun.
To fly this Quean —— ſoon as I quit my Place;
Worſe Ills advancing perk me in the Face.
Two Brace of Beldams, ugly, old, and Maids;
Chief Spies of Death, and Natives of the Shades;
Like coupled Goblins round th' Aſſembly rove
To kill with Terror, ſince they can't with Love.
Craz'd with their ſhrieking, ſhrill, cenſorious Chat;
Like the laſt Wawlings of a worried Cat;
About the Rooms I skulk from Seat to Seat:
The tawdry Spectres ev'ry where I meet.
And to fill up the Meaſure of my Woes,
I'm peſter'd on all ſides with Crouds of Beaus:
Smart Block-heads whoſe lewd Airs, or lewder Noiſe
Wildly their Want of Intellects ſupplies.
Here rattling *Vafro* o'er a Die blaſphemes,
There *Naſo* loudly whiſpers ſmutty Themes,
— Now in ſome Virgin's yet untainted Ears,
Who bluſhes not, not knowing what ſhe hears.
— Now in *Pertilla*'s, who t'approve his Parts
With a looſe Laugh invokes the *Ace of Hearts*.
What's worſe: to quit the Place if I prepare;
An ill-tim'd Ticket bids me tarry there.
A Ball's propos'd; and I to dance muſt ſtay:
A Partner's proffer'd; and the Fidlers play.
Fidlers? —— 'sdeath! — 'tis not Muſick ſure I hear;
But Whines of Whelps juſt pupp'd that laſh my Ear.
Lo, to my Grief, the Fiddles and the Fife!
And, tho' half-ſhrunk'd with their brok'n, crazy Strife,

I'm forc'd to ſcuffle thro' a Crowd of Apes,
Joſtling on wildly to the timeleſs Scrapes.
Wedg'd in a Country-Dance's tedious Files,
An Elbow-Gantlope I muſt run at whiles.
Here a rude Ruffian totters o'er my Toes,
To wipe his Shoes upon my Part'ner's Cloaths;
Another there, unheeding her ſoft Charms,
Whirls Her round fiercely and diſjoints her Arms;
Then turning off ſalutes me with his Heels;
While ſome rough Blund'rer back upon me reels.
This Hoiden bolts againſt me with a Thruſt:
That treading makes, then footing ſtirs, a Duſt.
Spurio that trifling, puny, ſtiff-glued Elf,
That ſole Admirer of his dear ſweet Self;
On his Fool's Form a cloſe Attention pins,
Too much abſorb'd to ſee and ſpare our Shins.
And yet, my Friend, thus reſtleſs and unſafe,
I'm forc'd, in ſpite of Pain and Fear, to laugh;
When ever tow'rds *Simio* I my Looks convert,
And ſee the Monkey all his Tricks exert:
His awkward Shoulders delving to and fro,
With the ſame Grace as Bakers knead their Dough:
His light Head dodging to and from his Feet,
In Shuffles; like a Sawyer o'er his Pit.
But ah! how dear the little Mirth I buy!
While my Ears pay the Paſtime of my Eye!
Stun'd with the Clatter of his noiſy Heels,
Hobbling like Hammers at the Paper-mills.
Say — *Dancing* can we name ſuch frantick Whims?
'Tis ſhewing Poſtures: 'tis diſtorting Limbs:
'Tis a lewd Riot of capricious Bears:
An ill conducted Hop of *Wappineers*.
Think then, if ſuch mad Freaks can give me Sport,
Who hate a Noiſe or Mob of any Sort:

Whoſe Soul, to Delicacy e'er inclin'd,
Can think no Pleaſure ſuch, but when refin'd.
Tir'd, lame, and bruis'd with the coarſe Exerciſe,
I long for reſt, and watch my Partner's Eyes;
Whoſe fainting Aſpect calls me to her Aid:
Strait in my Arms I claſp the beauteous Maid;
Conſult her ſafety; thro' the Riot break;
Hand her ſafe to her *Chair*, —— and Congee take.
I call *Another* —— but compell'd to ſtay,
Till growling Chairmen end their fifty Fray,
In a bleak Paſſage, 'midſt a Maze of Doors,
Where a pent, bluſt'ring, piercing Whirl-wind roars;
My Pores dilated with unnat'ral Heat
Catch the damp Miſchief, e'er I can retreat.
At length, tho' late, I ſeize an op'ning *Chair*,
Enrag'd at th' adverſe Stars, which led me there.
Coughing and ſhiv'ring on, tow'rds home I haſte,
In hopes thro' favour of the Night to reſt.
Alas how vainly do I ſeek Repoſe!
O'er all my Frame a raging Fever glows:
A lazy Megrim hovers o'er my Head;
And from my Eyes ſoft ſoothing Sleep is fled.
Thus two long Months at *Bath* I've ſpent in Pain:
My Time, Expence, and Journey hither vain.
But oh ſhou'd gracious Heav'n e'er condeſcend
To give me once more back to thee, my Friend!
When I for Health to *Bath* again return;
May I with ſuch another Fever burn:
Nor ought t'allay th' outrageous Heat, receive;
But what ſelf-tickling *Anodyne* can give.
May *Ch--v--rs* lodge me; *L--ds--y* be my Nurſe:
My Soul may *C--y*; *W--lt--re* guard my Purſe:
May I to ſleep an utter Stranger be;
Nor *Benedetti's* Voice reſtore it me:

May dull Lampooners, impudently raſh,
Jeſting on Truths, my Name and Foibles laſh:
May Raffles, Game, and *Bertrand*'s Bawbles drain
The little eaſy Subſtance I retain:
May Senſe ne'er warn me, till my Fortune's flown;
As *Thurſday*'s Mail arrives not, till our Poſt is gone. *

Or if there is in being a heavier Curſe:
If Health and Plenty miſenjoy'd are worſe;
May I be forc'd with Fools to ſpend my Days;
My Nights, in ſeeing Strollers murder Plays:
May I be cram'd with butter'd Rolls and Tea,
Till *Leak* and I in choice of Books agree:
Till his ſpruce Mirrours ceaſe t'attract a Fop:
Till ev'ry giddy Owl who haunts his Shop,
Shall, in this *Satire*, read their Follies o'er;
Repent; grow Wiſe; and move my Wrath no more.

* From *Bath* the Poſt ſets out every *Wedneſday* Night, for *London*; and the Letters from *London* come not in, till the next Morning: So that every Week one Poſt is loſt. This Inconvenience is felt, and complain'd of, by all ſorts of Perſons (at *Bath*) whoſe Buſineſs requires diſpatch; and therefore may very juſtly be rank'd among the Diſeaſes of the Place.

FINIS.

MUSEUM